Fairy Soldiers
of Bohemia

This is the story of three men. Soldiers. I could spare you the set-up, but that's the best part in a joke. Three soldiers I said. The first one, righteous as one can, leads the group. That would be you. Full of the honors a soldier would have, loyalty, merits and all. Born again Christian, worn-out lick-ass, you struggle to be accepted as the band's all-so-holy voice. Impostor syndrome, they call it. You only wish the best for your comrades, though. Who really cares? You're so obsessed with hierarchical praise that you tend to forget about the lower part of the ladder, don't you? By trying to lick the dirt on your superior's boots, you end up climbing on your subordinates' heads. Bless you. Wish I could say you were a one-of-a-kind typa guy, but your kind is everywhere. You give orders just because you can. Nothing wrong with that, right? On we go. The second one, pretty cat, has quite a bit of the sex-appeal of old, the one that works with the leopard-skinned heiresses worth at best a cent and at worst a million bucks. You heard he was about to inherit a fortune from one of his foxy cougars, his dying bob-cats, when he was drafted into this war. Poor kid. He had a great life ahead of him. You like him : he's great at following orders. He listens. Swallows like a sponge then executes without any question. He's a good kid, never a bother. There here comes the third one. Oh how you wished you loved him! Good heart, or something. Never done nothing wrong, never hurt no soul.. But his trick is invisible to the untrained eye.. his bright smile never shows on cameras or mirrors.. it was never real to begin with.. A big hoax that everybody wants to buy into, at the image of

the Holy Nation of Bohemia. Real smart-ass. Sees himself much smarter that the rest of the world. He doesn't understand that the end is built into the beginning, that everything good and better will once be finished. That nothing is permanent thus everything is temporary. I'm sure he *knows* it, or at least pretends to. But I can tell you for a fact that he does not understand it. Get it, you know. No, that'd be a terrible, terrible lie. And, as a Fairy Soldier of Bohemia, he has honor, a great deal of it. He wouldn't lie, would he? The snake-ish, sneaky type. I'm sure he'll go far in life, with his tricks up his sleeve. I'm sure *you three* will go far in life, if it wasn't for the fact that you are all gonna die freezing.

The soldiers, Fairy Soldiers of Bohemia are, not uncommon to men of their type, lone and stranded. I'm sure they tell you how to survive in those formation camps. Survival skills, right? They tell you to lay with a bottle of urine in your sleeping bag to feel the warmth of your own body. They tell you to suck on pebbles to make you salivate so you can keep slightly hydrated. But they don't tell you how to survive as a group, as little as it may be. To quell your subordinates' fears. No, they don't tell you anything about that. How are you to take care of two of your blue boned bona fide new recruits? It's not like you know them. Bohemia, Bohemia, that's the only thing you have in common, right? The Fairy Soldiers of the Holy Empire. The all-knowing, omnipotent, all-all right Empire of the Mind; Bohemia, said simpler. It's the only thing that brings the three of you together, that and the dead trees of the frozen forest you're in. No birds chirping, I'll tell you what. Only the static cold that eats life away without a warning noise or a warming breeze. Frost, Death. Nobody

will come to save you. There is no such thing as salvation or salute. No grand goodbye, no bowing in front of a round of applause. This you know for sure, you and your loyal comrades. You're all gonna die, forgotten, in the middle of a lone frozen forest. You might think your sacrifice will preserve the legacy of the Empire. What legacy? What sacrifice? How is you and your comrades starving gonna help your cause? That's the pride of Bohemia? The one day prophets, preacher fairy soldiers, heart in hand and sword in heart! You're not gonna let them starve, are you? The young blood. Or you could drink their blood and sweat, eat their meat and flesh.. that'll buy you a couple of days.. Is that what you want? Would be much easier for you all. Better than starve and freeze alright. Would at least save them from a slow fade into the fatal slumber. No. Think of your training. When no orders are given, it's better to do nothing.

You're a good soldier. You are. I know you would give your life to Bohemia. But I'm not the voice of the Holy Empire, no, no, I'm the little voice in your little head. And I know that your little brain, as little and insignificant as it is, only wants one thing. To go home. To survive. Where is home – you ask yourself. Who cares. You don't have any idea where home is. But you know it's somewhere out there, somewhere you'll never freeze again. There's no such thing as cold, home. Only warmth. Peace. Not the type of peace Bohemia yearns to achieve while deploying its fairy soldiers. No, I mean true peace. Peace as pure and as quiet as it gets. The one you don't know you feel until you're not feeling it anymore. Yes, I know you see the one I'm talking about. Bohemia is nowhere to be seen. Lucky you. Unlucky you. This and that – empty

righteous statements, fate-knowers, fake preachers, fake prophets. No other fairy soldier could get it. That little voice in your head, I mean. Only you know. Endure. Feel the cold and the thirst, the fear and the hunger. Feel every other Fairy Soldier of Bohemia that died before you, blindingly following orders. Endure. Survive. I know you want to take that knife of yours and stab yourself through the heart. You think you're drunk and won't feel the pain. What do you know.. you know nothing, this I know..

Well, no matter what you think, the cold starts hurting. The night arose and you need to sleep. You take a peek at your comrades. The Handsome Johnny, drafted into this war before getting all the money, seems to have passed out. You feel relieved; as if a burden went away. One less soldier to take care of, you tell yourself, ashamed. The other one mumbles to himself. "Make my time eternity, make my time eternity, make my eternity.." the national motto of Bohemia. He's already lost his mind to the wimpy soul that his body is host of. The only thing on his mind should be surviving, but he still hopes that Bohemia will save him. Lost cause. Although he's still right in one way: there is only hope in the snow; if not, there wouldn't be anything else. The dead trees and the occasional bobcat. Another burden just went away. He won't survive much more, if you're feeling bad about it.

You know, that "we're all gonna make it" feeling? Well.. you know you're not making the night. You're the only one that can still rationally think. No matter your love for life. Your crave, desire, need, lust for life, your resilience and bravery, your longing for home. You know you'll be swallowed and gnawed by the cold. You know this is the end; you wish it were the end of all things, the

end of all movement, of all ticks on all clocks. Come on, you know it's not. It's the end of *your* story. The end of you and all that you achieved.

So that's how it ends. The snow almost burned your retinas during daytime. Is it really gonna end with a fade to white..? I'm not really asking, at this point we both know it's happening. This is how it ends. I'm surprised you got it, really. I am proud of you. There is no Fairy Soldier of Bohemia. There is no pride, no shame. Only cold reaches you. Your fingers, your chest.. if you close your eyes, you'll never open them again.. you don't care… you did well, accepting your fate. There's nothing good fighting the way things are supposed to be.. the end is built into the beginning. Your eyes feel heavy. You close them. You know when to follow orders.. I always liked that about you.. You know what you're doing. And so I bid you.. Farewell..!